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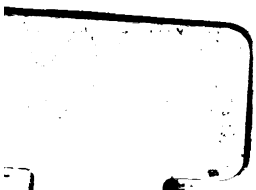

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# Marie Manning,

## AND OTHERS.

BY BITTERSWEET.

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# MARIE MANNING.

## MARIE MANNING'S BIRTHDAY.

"Now, Helen, if mamma should ask you what I want for my birthday present, be sure and tell her what it is."

"Yes," answered Helen, looking up, her bright black eyes growing earnest, as she received this important charge from her elder sister; "but what shall I say?"

Marie thought for a few moments. This was an important matter to her. After all, what did she want more than anything else? She thought it would probably come to her if she made a reasonable choice, for her mamma was always so glad to give everybody pleasure, little people as well as big. On Saturdays, whenever she was allowed to in-

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vite some little girls to spend the day, mamma always gave them such a nice dinner, with hen and chickens, or a parrot, or something else pretty in icecream, and curious fancy mottoes for dessert. Then she sat at the table with them and talked to them just as if she were a little girl herself, and all the girls thought that she was perfectly lovely. So she was; and although her children were not old enough to appreciate the unselfishness and generous consideration for others that made her so noble a woman, yet her presence strengthened her precepts, and the boys and girls of such a mother must look on all humanity with kind and honest eyes.

At last Marie answered, "Well, I think the best thing would be a pen and pencil, but I hope both will be of gold. I can use them for my lessons, and it would be real handy to have the pencil hanging by a red ribbon around my neck."

"Yes, that would be nice," approvingly said Helen.

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"Then I could write whenever I felt like it."

Marie liked to write, and would often begin short stories; but perhaps she was rather lazy, for she did not finish them. It is to be hoped that she will soon break this bad habit, for a life full of unfinished actions will neither be happy nor useful.

Helen was very happy when her mamma told her that Marie should have her presents; and as she was a brave little soul and could keep a secret better than many older people, she also was told of a surprise in store for the birthday.

"Truly, mamma, I will never tell anybody;" and she kept her word.

Soon the birthday came, and it was full of sunshine. Marie did not see any great change in herself as she dressed, although she thought she ought to look a little different, now that she was really eleven years old; but old Father Time is kindly; he rarely lines a child's face, and this was a very happy

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one that bent over the much-wished-for pen and pencil as she drew them from the folds of her napkin at the breakfast-table.

Having thanked everybody, Marie finished her breakfast and began to study very willingly: for would not her Latin exercises be written with her new pen? *Musa* and *ager*, with their various endings, ran off easily from the golden point, and proved again the old, old truth, that happiness lightens labor.

After lessons came another present of a box of candy, in which everybody shared, Helen being very happy to puzzle the old gardener with a piece made like a peach-stone, which at first he was afraid to eat.

Yet even birthdays move on, and dinner-time came. Afterward, as the two girls were sitting with their mamma in the shade of a grand old linden-tree which had stood near the house for many a year, Helen suddenly clapped her hands, saying, "O mamma, Marie, look!" Turning, they saw moving slowly along a stately avenue of spruce and pine

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trees a sort of procession. Two goats, one of pure white, the other beautifully marked with brown, were harnessed before a small cart, which seemed to be loaded, while on each side, as if for protection, one of Marie's older brothers walked with slow and solemn step. These were clever, manly fellows, both of them, and constant companions. Though the elder had grown away from the younger in inches, the shorter still held his own in wit. Their father, with a wisdom as great as it is rare, had encouraged greatly their interest in raising poultry. Land and lumber were to be had for the asking, the only condition being that they should do the work themselves and keep everything in good order. Eggs and chickens were bought from them at their market value, and these industrious young merchants were daily learning useful things for their whole lives. Marie, being somewhat ambitious, had long wished to enter the same business, but had not yet accomplished it.



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As they reached the linden-tree, the goats stopped; both boys advanced a few steps and bowed very low before Marie, and one said,

"Miss Manning, we hear that you would like to raise poultry. *We* think you can't do it, 'cause you 're nothing but a girl; yet at the same time it gives us—W. Deff & Co., the great firm of poultry-raisers and prize-takers of this country—great pleasure to present you with a pair of span-new Houdin fowls on this your birthday; first, because you are our little sister, and secondly, there being nothing mean about us, we wish to start you in the business!"

Lifting a basket from the cart, he gave a sudden toss to the lid and landed two startled, noisy fowls in Marie's lap! She cried out with mingled fear and delight, and then thanked her brothers most heartily for this unexpected pleasure; while the happy way in which she caressed the beauties showed her joy at the gift. At last, when the time came for chickens to go to roost, she would not

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leave them until she saw them safely perched for the night.

Soon the family were gathered around the tea-table, and there was the surprise of which Helen had never spoken. In front of Marie's plate was a beautiful birthday cake, covered with icing and bright with eleven red and blue and yellow candles burning around it.

"Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed, as she looked at it with delight. A moment later she saw a small white box in the centre of the blazing circle. Opening it hurriedly, she found a beautiful ivory portemonnaie from her mamma, which held a bright five-dollar gold piece of this very year, from her papa.

Oh, how rich and happy and grateful was Marie! The words would not come to tell all her feelings, so she busied herself in cutting great slices of cake and sending them around the table, with a burning candle on each piece, while she said, "Thank you very much," over and over again.

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Truly she had had a happy birthday; but the end was yet to come, and when her mamma called her, with Helen, to say "Good night," she did not wish to go. Helen obeyed, but Marie did not stir. She wanted to read a little longer, and although her conscience said, "You ought to go at once," she still waited, hoping that her mamma would forget about her. So she did for a short time, and Marie, in spite of her conscience, kept on reading. Suddenly Mrs. Manning turned and said with surprise, "Why, Marie, I told you to go to bed."

"Yes, mamma, but I wanted so to read."

"You have done very wrong, and after such a birthday too. I am astonished. Now go at once," said Mrs. Manning seriously.

Slowly Marie rose and walked out of the room with a very sullen face, not at all as a little girl should for whom everybody had been doing kind things that day.

Up stairs conscience spoke again, and Marie had to listen. It said she did very

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wrong to try to deceive her mamma and to be disobedient after so much pleasure, showing her ingratitude. Marie began to grow more and more ashamed of herself, and running to the head of the stairs she called, "Mamma, mamma!"

"What is it?" Mrs. Manning answered.

"Dear mamma, you are *too* good to me. Thank you and everybody for my lovely birthday. I am very sorry I did not go to bed right away."

The tone and the words gave proof that the face was no longer sullen, and Mrs. Manning answered pleasantly, "Nothing is too good for my *good* little girl. Good night, my dear."

"Good night, mamma;" and the little feet ran back more happily than before: for Marie had gained on her birthday a victory more valuable than all her gifts.

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# THAT DISAGREEABLE BOY.

"Oh, sister Sue, do help me quick; it hurts like blazes!" exclaimed a handsome, pleasant-faced fellow, as he burst into his sister's room in noisy boy-fashion.

"What hurts?" said the sister, glancing away carelessly from the open window, where she sat sketching a fine old elm-tree that had always been the glory of the lawn.

"Look and see," was the answer; and, half in fun and half in earnest, the boy thrust a swollen and discolored hand between the sketch and his sister's face.

With a start she dropped her pencil, and lifting the hand tenderly, exclaimed, "My dear Jimmy, what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much, I guess," said Jimmy, with an attempt at indifference not wholly successful.

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Susan Bradford had not cared for her younger brother ever since his birth, which had so sadly left them motherless, to be deceived by this effort at calmness; but she had great faith in the old adage that "All things come to him who waits;" so saying nothing more, she busied herself in caring for the wounded hand. A close look disclosed several long, ugly jagged lines, rough and bloody. These she carefully bathed and bound up with soft linen and healing salve, quietly saying when finishing, "You must have met an unusually savage cat."

"Indeed I did; but it did n't go on four legs, sis," said the boy, laughing, as, with a kiss for his thanks, he threw himself down in a chair beside her. "Now I suppose you want to know all about it?"

"Of course I do, and the sooner the better."

"Well, you see this was a different kind of cat from your Maltese; first, it had only two legs."

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"Do you mean a boy?" interrupted his sister.

"And then it has various names," continued Jimmy, disregarding the question. "Sometimes it is a fraud, then again it is nothing but a sponge, then it is the meanest cur in the world, and it is always a dead beat."

"Really," said his sister, smiling, "what a remarkable specimen it must be. Barnum ought to know of it."

"I wish he had it, tight in a cage, jolting through the streets all day and on the railroad all night—it would improve its manners, maybe. But no fun now, I'll tell you that I've just licked the aggravatingest fellow that ever came in my way."

"Jimmy, Jimmy, you don't mean that you've been fighting?"

"That's just it; 't was a savage one, too. It was after school; all the fellows were there, and it did 'em good."

"So my boy fights in the street, does he, like any rough fellow? I am very, very sorry

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to hear it; you certainly never did so before."

"That 's true, and I never meant to do anything like this. Of course we all knock round at school, to find out who has the most muscle; but the boy I punished to-day went home with a black eye!"

"Oh, my dear boy, can you show me any good reason for such behavior?"

"Well, I 'll tell you all about it, and see if I had n't good reason." Jimmy's face grew graver as he went on with the story, for he had great love and respect for his sister, and he could see that she was troubled about the matter. "You see, this boy came from the city."

"A stranger, was he? I have been dreading to hear of some quarrel with your friends, but to be rude to a stranger was not right."

"Now, big sis, you would have been mad too, even if you are a girl. Nobody likes this fellow nor wants him around, but he comes and sticks."



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"How does he get here?"

"His family are great friends of the Bentons, and he likes to come and hang on to Ned Benton wherever he goes."

"Does Ned like him?"

"Like him? He despises him."

"Can't he keep out of his way?"

"No, he sticks like a leech. Ned has told me lots of rude things he does. Only the other day he was bragging about the visits he would make next summer: he would stay so long in this house and so long in that, till Ned asked him if it would be convenient for people to keep him so long. That made no difference, he said, so long as it was convenient for him to stay. Do you think that was a nice way for him to talk?"

"Certainly not; but it only shows rather a weak mind to overestimate himself so greatly."

"Then there 's another thing. Whenever our gang of fellows go up to the Park or down to Coney Island together, we always go

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'Jersey treat;' that is, each one pays for himself. It makes us more independent, and does n't prevent our treating all round when we want to."

"That is very sensible," said his sister.

"Well—will you believe it?—that boy is so mean that he never pays for anything, not even his car-fare. I 've come near blowing out about that before now. Ned always pays his fare. Of course, we must include him in any treat, and he never returns it. We would n't mind it if he was poor, but his father is rich. And then we do n't invite him. He knows something 's up generally on Saturdays, and comes along."

"All these things are unpleasant certainly, but they do not call for blows."

"Maybe not; but if you could see his ugly phiz, and hear his conceited voice, and have to be bored with his company, and pay money for it too, I am sure you would want to kick him—anyway, if you were a boy you would. Now that I know what he is, I want

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to kick him as soon as I see him; and the minute he opens his mouth, out comes something he ought to be kicked for."

"That may be; but are you the person to kick him?"

"Why not, if he is disagreeable and provokes me?"

"Because he is not under your control. You cannot punish a person who has as much right to be in a public place as yourself. If, uninvited, he joins your party and is guilty of disagreeable meannesses, he shows himself to be selfish and unmannerly. His carelessness of the refinements and customs of society will offend your sense of propriety, certainly; but if you desire to be a gentleman, you can only leave him, or simply bear the infliction, taking care that you never act in the same way. The model man was our Lord Jesus Christ, and even when he was reviled he reviled not again."

"Perhaps you will think I was wrong to fight; but those of us who are to be engi-

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neers were talking after school and wondering where we should make our first survey, who would carry the chain, and who would be draughtsman, and so on, when up comes this fellow and says, 'Pretty engineers you 'll make, a lot of ignorant country boys!' Then I just laid him out; he fell heavy, but pretty soon picked himself up and went off howling, but not before snatching my hand behind my back and gouging those pieces out of it. Now, didn't he deserve to be thrashed?"

"Yes, I think he did, heartily; but I do not think either you or any of the boys were the ones to do it. As a stranger, you owed him civility, and his forgetfulness of duties will not excuse your violence. You all were then, as always, under the obligation which rests upon all God's humanity, to do good and not evil. I think you had great provocation to forget this truth; but if you had resisted it, you would have grown stronger to resist the next violent impulse you feel."

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"I never thought so far as that," slowly said Jimmy.

"Ah, my dear boy, I wish very much that you had; it is the not thinking that makes trouble in this world. Never notice that boy, whatever he does; that will soon drive him away. And for yourself, say more earnestly than ever the words that Christ taught us: 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.'"

Not many days after, Jimmy came in shouting, "Hurrah! hurrah! Hugh Hanson has gone for good! We froze him out. And I tell you, sis, you had the best way; he tried to be ugly, and was going to fight me again; but I kept cool and said nothing; and he was ashamed of himself and walked off."

"Now you have done better than before, and I am proud of you."

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# ALL ABOUT MISSIONARIES.

"O FANNIE JOHNSON, I 'm glad to see you; I 've been waiting ever so long; come right in the house and take off your things, and I 'll tell you something perfectly splendid;" and Kate Cunningham, an impatient, warm-hearted, clever little girl, almost dragged her friend up the steps and pushed her through the great hall-door. Fortunately, she was as hospitable as she was impatient, and soon had placed Fannie's hat and sacque carefully upon a chair, and seated Fannie in the most comfortable corner of the broad, old-fashioned window-seat. Here these two friends could often be found in close conversation over lessons or pleasures or any of the many interesting matters that absorbed their attention. All unconsciously, as they studied or played, were they strengthened by their sur-

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roundings. Before them stood the everlasting hills, strong and beautiful, while about the window-frame crept a running rose, from which every breeze, in the season of blossoms, scattered odors of sweetness and purity. So faithfully did memory hold this picture, that in after-years neither of these two could see a mountain range without seeming to catch a faint odor of the same sweet roses. To-day, however, Kate was evidently very anxious to say something; so Fannie said, "Now do tell me what this splendid thing is, right away. Is it only for you and me, or for everybody?"

"It is for you and me at first, and then for our mission band, the Willing Workers, you know. Don't you remember Aunt Laura, who wrote to mamma about our getting up the band?"

"I should think I did, and all her nice letters to us. I really don't believe the girls would, half of them, have joined, if it had n't been for the letters coming from your aunt.

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You see that made a kind of connection between the heathen and us; somehow they did n't seem so far away."

"Well, I wonder how they will seem now," laughed Kate, "for Aunt Laura is in this house."

"You do n't say so!" exclaimed Fannie, with great surprise; "why, I thought she was in India."

"So she was; but now comes the sad part of the story. Aunt Laura's husband is dead, and she was very sick, so the doctor said she must come right back to America. Of course, mamma was delighted to see her, and we all think she is perfectly lovely."

"Oh, how I would like to see her; I never saw a real live missionary in my whole life."

"Of course, you are going to see her; that is just what I wanted you to come early for, this afternoon. You see, I sit in her room about half an hour every day, and she said I might bring you and she would tell us



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something we could repeat to the band at next Saturday's meeting."

"Oh, how splendid! Let's go right away."

"No, we can't," said Kate gravely; "you see, she is very weak yet, and the doctor comes to see her very often. When she came first I never went into the room at all; but the other day Dr. James told mamma he thought if she would let me go in for a few minutes, aunty would like to see me; and I love to go, she talks so nicely."

"Dear me," said Fannie, "I wish we could go right in."

"Suppose I tell you about Uncle John's getting sick, while we wait," said Kate. "He was my uncle, though I don't remember anything about him, I was so little when he went away. Aunt Laura says he never would refuse to go anywhere, if he could do any good: so one day he started off with some natives, who were Christians, to go through the woods to some villages where no missionary had

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ever been. The people spoke the Teloogoo language: so they took books with them, and and as they went into the town they would begin to sing. These people were very fond of music, and would listen, because the strangers were singing one of their own tunes, but with different words, about Jesus, and asking them to 'come to Jesus, he would help them;' and so they began to ask questions. Uncle John and all the people with him talked a great deal, for they asked him a great many questions, and would remember every word. One man would sometimes bring a friend with him, and ask Uncle John to repeat what he had told him about Jesus, and if he did n't use the very same words, the man would say, 'There, you did n't say so to me; say just the same to him.' They are very smart, those people."

"I should think they were," said Fannie; "just think of remembering every word."

"When Uncle John went away they begged him to come back again, and they bought

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every book he had, Bibles and hymn-books—every one. But he will never go there again; for, going through the woods, he caught what they call the jungle-fever, and died very soon after he reached his home."

"That was dreadful," said Fannie sadly, and the two friends sat for a few moments without a word.

Soon they heard the clock strike three times, and Kate jumped up, saying, "Now come; we can go and see Aunt Laura."

Fannie rose quickly and followed Kate into the next room. She was a little excited, for she was not quite sure whether missionaries were exactly like other people or not; but she was very much delighted to find a pleasant face smiling at her, as Kate said, "Mem Sahib, this is Fannie Johnson."

"Come and kiss me, dear, will you? As the doctor says I must not spend much time away from my lounge, I cannot come to you

Fannie thought, as she bent to kiss th sweet, pale face, with its coronet of beautif

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gray hair, she would almost be willing to be a heathen and live in India, if she could have such a lovely missionary to teach her.

"And will you call me Mem Sahib, too, like Kate?"

"Yes, indeed," said Fannie, "if you want me to; but I would like to know what it means."

"It is the name I had in India. My husband the natives called 'Sahib,' and me they called 'Mem Sahib.' I like to hear it sometimes, and so Kate always uses it in this room. Now, if you will both come and sit beside me, we will talk about India; suppose you each ask me questions."

"That will be elegant," said Kate; "Fannie, you begin."

"I can hardly tell what to ask," said Fannie; "there are so many things I want to know about."

"Begin by asking about one of them," said Mrs. Gardiner, smiling.

"I think I would like to have you say

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what sort of a place you lived in first; somehow I seem to know people better when I hear about their homes."

"That is very true, and so I want to tell you something about the homes of women and children in India, which I hope will bring them nearer to you, and also make you very sorry for them. Now, for our own home, we lived in a house that had no front door or back door, no up stairs or down stairs."

"That's queer," said Kate. "Why, you must have had some kind of a front door."

"Maybe you didn't have any doors at all," said Fannie, "it is so very warm in India."

"Of course they *must* have had doors," answered Kate, rather scornfully; "people are very rich in India—a'n't they, Mem Sahib?—and everything would be stolen if they lived without doors. But, anyhow, please tell us, because I am so puzzled."

"It is very simple, after all: our house

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stood between two streets, so that the door on either side was front or back, just as you please; and we had no stairs at all."

"No stairs at all?—nothing but a one-story house!" exclaimed Kate. "Why, that's just like a shanty!"

"You must remember that we were in India, and not in America, my dear," said her aunt, smiling. "Many houses are built but one story high, yet they contain a number of rooms and cover a large space of ground. About sixteen miles from Calcutta are small villages with the houses built of mud, covered by thatched roofs and surrounded by mud walls. You would call them common clay huts."

"You don't mean to say that nice people live in such places?"

"The owners are chiefly farmers; but some of the highest caste of Brahmins live in these villages, while often near them we find the large family homestead of some wealthy Babu, or gentleman."

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"Why, what a funny name," said Fannie; "it sounds almost like baboon!"

"The wife of the Babu has a funny name too; she is called the Bo."

"I suppose they live just as we do at home, don't they, Mem Sahib?" said Fannie.

"Ah, my dear child, there is a pitiful difference. The Babu is often finely educated, speaking the European languages as well as many of the Indian dialects. Some travellers consider that there are as many as twenty different languages spoken by the natives in different parts of India; and some years ago the Bible had already been translated into fourteen of these, and the New Testament into several more. Yet this same cultivated Babu's wife speaks but the one dialect she learned when a child. Surely I have written you something about this."

"Yes, I know," said Kate; "but it is much nicer to hear you tell it. Of course, we remember your letters to the 'Willing Workers' about your going to the zenanas where

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the women live, and how you wont teach them to read or sew, or anything, unless you can give a Bible lesson too. The little children in their big schoolroom we have n't forgotten either; but please, Mem Sahib, wont you tell Fannie what you told me yesterday about the wedding procession you saw?"

"Certainly, my dear; but first let me say that a Hindoo girl of good family must be engaged to be married very early in life; only a low caste girl may wait until she is twelve or thirteen years old before being engaged. The groom whom I saw had a bride of eleven years waiting for him, and he had never seen her. The parents had arranged the affair. The procession was a magnificent sight. First came the torch-bearers with many colored lights, followed by a band of musicians."

"A brass band such as our soldiers have?" asked Fannie.

"Hardly; their drums and gongs and pipes make noise rather than music; but the



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natives consider it most harmonious. After them came a triumphal car, shaped like a peacock, which is a sacred bird in India, and drawn by milk-white oxen, which are also considered sacred. Intimate friends of the groom filled this car, and flung bonbons to the crowd. Then followed a number of boys gayly dressed in silken robes, with golden bands around their turbans, and walking under purple canopies. After these marched a company of men bearing a platform upon their shoulders, which supported the golden chair of the boy-groom. Two pages stood beside him, and a gorgeous canopy, with golden roof and silver stars, sheltered him. He was dressed in cloth of gold, with silk-embroidered mantle, and adorned with chains of gold and a necklace of pearls."

"Oh, what a splendid show!" said Fannie. "How I would like to see one."

"But think of the poor bride, my dear. She knows nothing about her husband, and after the feasting is over, he carries her away

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to his father's house. There she must obey his mother and make no trouble with her sisters-in-law. She has never been taught to read, or to sew, or knit. She can do nothing but attend to her children, bring her husband his food, eat her own afterward, braid and oil her hair, look at her ornaments, and be careful to fulfil her daily poojah."

"What's that?" said Kate and Fannie both at once.

"The worship of her various gods, which consists in bowing before, or walking around, or talking to a figure of brass or stone like a monkey, or like a man with six arms and four faces. Sometimes she makes a vow to it. I had one pupil who asked me to see her sick mother, and I found her little finger nail almost as long as the finger, because she had vowed not to cut it until she had received the blessing asked from her god."

"Humph!" said Kate, "if she waits till the brass and stone bless her, I think she'll never cut her nail!"

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"I am afraid not," sadly said her aunt. "I had another pupil who was very anxious to learn to read, and learned quickly. However, when she forgot a word, she would always touch herself with her book. I asked her why she did this; for some time she would not answer, but at last she confessed that she was doing 'poojah' to the goddess of learning represented by the book."

"Why, Fannie," said Kate, "they 're just babies, a' n't they?"

"I should think so," answered Fannie.

"So you and Fannie were once, babies in body, and if God had not sent you to a Christian home in a Christian land, you might have been babies yet in knowledge of the simplest matters."

"So we might, Mem Sahib," said Kate thoughtfully.

Just then the clock sounded, and Kate exclaimed, "O dear, our time has gone! Can I ask one more question, Mem Sahib?"

"Of course you may; what is it?"

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"While you have been talking, I 've been thinking how dreadfully these little girls live. Now, suppose our band dress a lot of dolls, and fill a box with them, and some pretty pincushions, and some texts worked on cardboard—almost anything that we can make, that perhaps they could copy when they learn to sew—and send it to them for a Christmas present. I think it would be good to have them remember the birthday of Jesus, who can help them more than all of their gods put together."

"I think that is a capital plan," said Mrs. Gardiner, as she kissed them good-by. "We will talk about it to-morrow."

In a moment after, Kate and Fannie were seated by their favorite window, thinking, talking, and planning for the happiness of others.

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# AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

"THERE, the hateful old books can go now," said Kate Hertford, under her breath, as the old Academy bell rang for the end of school. Hastily closing her desk, she turned to give a significant look to her best friend, who sat at some distance from her in the schoolroom. Grace Cummings read, "I 'm dying to have a talk, so wait for me, please," and responded in the same mute language, as she was dismissed, "Yes, I 'll be ready."

The putting on of wraps was soon accomplished, and leaving behind them a busy hum of, "Oh, you just ought to see," and "What did you have?" and "Mine was perfectly lovely," the two friends walked slowly away towards their homes.

"I want to hear about your Christmas, Grace," said Kate; "was it a good one?"

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"You will think so when I tell you that, besides our own particular presents, there was one splendid surprise for the whole family."

"What! all of you the same thing?"

"Yes; papa enjoyed it just as much as we did, and it was the very best thing we could possibly have had."

"How funny; it must have been something very big to go all round."

"No, it was n't so very large, but it was lovely. We each had our own share—as much as we could take."

"Oh, bother, Grace, do tell me what it was."

"Can't you guess? I am sure you 've found out lots of things by guessing before now."

"Well, an awful big box of candy: I do n't know about that, though; for if it had been as big as a drygoods box, I believe your brother Frank could have eaten all of it."

"So he could," laughed Grace, to whom

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the size of Frank's sweet tooth was very well known; "but it was n't that. Guess again."

"Oh, a barrel of apples, or a barrel of flour, or a barrel of sugar."

"O dear, no," said Grace; "it was n't anything like a barrel."

"Then I give it up," said Kate.

"Now see if it was n't a splendid surprise. It was mamma seated in her place at our Christmas dinner-table!"

"You do n't say so!" exclaimed Kate; "that was lovely. How could she come down stairs?"

"Papa carried her in his arms. After our presents in the morning, he said we must wait until dinner-time for the best. So we did n't ask any questions, though we wondered what it could be. About fifteen minutes before six o'clock he shut us all up in the library, and when he came and led us into the dining-room, we could hardly believe our eyes. There sat mamma in her own place, smiling and wishing us 'Merry Christmas.' Of course,

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we all ran up to her and hugged and kissed her, and made such a fuss that papa said he would have to carry her up stairs, if we did not stop."

"Oh, that was splendid," said Kate heartily; "and what a surprise it must have been, for mamma told me, just after your horses ran away and your mother was hurt, that the doctors thought it would be six months before she could walk as she used to."

"Yes, it will be a long time yet before she is quite well; but she has a wheeled chair now, and goes about up stairs very nicely. She only came to dinner for Christmas day."

"Well, you must have had a real good time."

"So we did; and now comes your part. Mamma wants you to come in and see her."

"What, now?" said Kate.

"Yes, she told me to bring you in on our way home from school, and to say that we would begin our nice old talks together."

Entering the large hall of a pleasant-look-



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ing country-house, the two girls laid their books down, and throwing their arms around each other, ran gayly up to Mrs. Cummings' room.

They found her seated in her wheeled chair, with books and flowers on the table beside her, and she greeted them as brightly as if she had just come up stairs as easily as they had.

"O Mrs. Cummings!" exclaimed Kate, when they had seated themselves, "how lovely it was to have you down stairs for Christmas dinner. I do wish that we all could have seen you."

"Your mother knew that the doctor had given me permission to come down, so that it was only a surprise to the young people; but it did us all good, and to-day I feel quite well enough to enjoy a short game with you and Grace."

"Not like our old ones, mamma!" said Grace, with astonishment.

"Yes, the old questions and answers; you

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must both of you have found many puzzling things in all these weeks. Have you not, Kate?"

"Indeed, I have," answered Kate, for she possessed an inquiring mind, and often wondered painfully why things came to pass as they did. "There is one question that has bothered me a good deal just now."

"Well, ask it, my dear."

"What is the use of having Christmas at all?"

"Why, my child, you know whose birth we celebrate on Christmas day?"

"Oh, of course, I understand that, and believe that the good Lord came to this world just because he loved us and wanted to teach us how to live rightly, and to save us by his death. We could keep his birthday; but what's the fun of having holidays? They never are long enough. It takes time to get your presents ready, and then you never have enough money. No matter how carefully you divide what you have, the only thing that

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suits you for anybody always costs more than you can give. You have to run about and look and fuss and lie awake at night, trying to make one dollar buy as much as two dollars—" and Kate stopped to take breath.

"That is rather hard work," said Mrs. Cummings. "Is there anything else?"

"Yes; for when at last you are all settled, and wake up on Christmas morning, shouting 'Merry Christmas' to everybody, and give them their presents and get yours, everything seems so perfectly lovely that you would just like to feel so for ever. Then, the first thing you know, the night comes, and Christmas day is over; and pretty quick holiday week is over too, and you just have to go back to school and study as if nothing had happened."

"And how do you feel then?" asked Mrs. Cummings.

"Oh, sort of all upside-down," said Ka in a disgusted tone. "I don't believe I ever get to rights again."

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"Yes, you will, my dear. You have only made a very common mistake, and are now suffering the discontent that always follows such a blunder. You had forgotten that nothing stands still in this world. We should be unhappy if it did. Your body grows by food, exercise, and rest, each in its turn; and just so your character must grow by pleasant and unpleasant experiences. When you have grown very strong, you will be able to enjoy your holidays, and enjoy your working days too."

"I don't feel as if I had any character at all just now," moaned Kate. "I can't settle myself to anything."

"That is very natural. You have been diverted from your daily routine, surprised and pleased by giving and receiving kindly gifts and words. Now comes the time for a little self-control. Say to yourself: 'I have enjoyed these bright days. I shall be happier and richer all through the coming year for my gifts and the love and sympathy which

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they have brought me. But I wont be either so greedy or so silly as to wish that this sort of thing would last all the time. I have got to work at my books if I want to know anything, and I ought to be strong enough to work harder after this pleasant rest.' Do this, my dear, and do n't listen to your own grumbling. Then, though holiday week was soon over, more quickly will your discontent fly after it. Above all, never forget that the blessed Babe of Bethlehem came to help you in just such work."

"Thank you ever so much, Mrs. Cummings," said Kate. "You seem to have cleared up my sky wonderfully. It does n't look so black for the next year as it did."

"Try to keep it bright by brushing away all cobwebs of self-will and indolence," said Mrs. Cummings, as she kissed Kate for good-by.

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# HOW SOMETHING HAPPENED TO JENNIE BROWNING.

A LIGHT-HAIRED little girl sat straining her blue eyes to read the last pages of a Sunday-school book just as the daylight of a beautiful winter Sabbath was fast fading away. The sun had departed like a grand old monarch, leaving behind him a glory of purple and gold more enticing than his own full splendor. Many a tired heart and weary brain were rested by the wondrous beauty as it flooded so royally "that spacious firmament on high" and tinged the snowy robe of winter with a thousand brilliant hues.

Yet our little reader saw none of these things. She was absorbed by the story of a child's life, for was she not a child herself, and all that happened in the story, was it not every bit true?

So she thought, and yet as she read, she

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was troubled, and a puzzled, thoughtful look drew deeper lines in the young face. Small though it was, decision and independence were easily traced there; so, true to her nature, Jennie sat revolving in her troubled brain, a question which the reading of the book had brought. What could it be? Evidently it was not to be answered easily, for the young face only grew more clouded; until at last, finding her own short experience of life of no assistance, with the wisdom of a little child she resolved to ask the aid of some higher power.

Fortunately, Jennie knew that she had but to make her perplexities known to her mother and they would all be explained in the clearest way; for Mrs. Browning was a parent who considered the occupation and guidance of her child's mind a matter quite equal in importance to the nourishing and clothing of the body, and so in early years was formed a bond which in later life would prove a source of affection and sympathy to

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each of them. Strange it is that such a manner of life should be as rare as it is beautiful in this world full of parents and their children!

Quite confident of help, Jennie ceased struggling with her troublesome question, and seating herself in her little rocking-chair by her mother's side, said,

"Mamma, I want you to tell me something."

"Well, dear, what is it?" answered her mother.

"I've just finished my Sunday-school book, you know, and it's just perfectly lovely; all about the sweetest little girl; only she was always doing so many kind things for everybody; and I've been trying to think what's the reason why little girls in books always have so many opportunities for doing good, and little girls like me, who are all out of books, don't have any at all."

"Not any at all," answered the mother; "is that really so?"



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"Well, no, not quite, I s'pose," said Jennie, "but then they are just nothing but the tiniest little bits of things. There's never anything real big and splendid for little girls like me to do. Now, Susy Chrystie, in the story, why, she took her little sister May out for a walk, and while they were crossing a bridge, May pulled her hand away from Susy's, and tried to walk on the edge, just as close as she could, but in about one second her foot slipped, and she would have fallen right off into the water if her sister had n't jumped to her, and caught hold of her dress, and pulled her back all safe. Now just think, mamma," said Jennie, her blue eyes opening widely as she spoke, "Susy Chrystie saved her little sister's life! Was n't that a splendid, big something to do?"

"Yes, my dear, that was a brave thing for a little girl to do, for even an older person might have been too frightened by seeing the danger May was in, to act quickly; but if my little girl should always try to keep

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still, and never scream when any sudden fright comes to her, she too may be able to think quickly of the best way in which to help herself or others."

"But, mamma, you know nothing ever does happen to me; and, besides, I have n't even got any little sister or brother."

The mother's heart said, God be thanked that "nothing ever does happen" to her; but noticing a sad look on Jennie's face, she remembered that this was a true sorrow to her, and welcomed it as a sign of a nature destined some day to do kind service in this busy world, since it was even now longing to be of use to somebody.

So she pleasantly answered, "Never mind, my child; if you will do carefully everything that you do understand, and obey cheerfully even when you cannot see why you should, you will always give me comfort and pleasure, and perhaps some day something splendid may happen to you also."

Jennie's face grew brighter, as it always

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did when she had confided her griefs to mamma, and for many days she kept herself almost faultless, thinking something might happen at any time.

And so it did; for one day a letter came from Jennie's aunt, Mrs. Graham, saying she would come and spend a few days with her sister, and bring with her for Jennie's pleasure, her youngest child, a boy about two years old.

Of course they were very welcome, and Jennie greatly enjoyed playing with her cousin. He was a charming fellow, but very fond of having his own way, and one of his great enjoyments was to plunge two chubby hands into Jennie's thick light hair, and pull it with all his might. Naturally, this was a short-lived pleasure when any older person saw him, but when they were alone Jennie would endure the pain as patiently as a martyr until she could coax the little fellow to let go. She never gave him a cross word, and when the nurse would say impatiently, "Indade, thin,

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Miss Jennie, it 's a wonder ye do n't just shlap his hands!" she would answer gravely, "Oh, no; he 's so much littler than I am."

Yet Jennie was not perfect, and though she generally tried to do what was right, sometimes like the rest of the world she wanted to do what she knew was wrong. So she felt one bright afternoon, when, as she was playing in the yard, her mamma called her and said,

"Your aunt and I ride to the station directly to meet uncle and your father, and I would like to have you go quietly into the nursery and sit there until Maggie returns from an errand; it will not be long."

"But Willie is sound asleep, mamma; he does n't want me," said Jennie, who was anxious to stay out of doors.

"Yes, dear, I know it, but we shall feel safer to have some one in the room, even if he is asleep; something might happen if he should be left alone."

Jennie, however, was so unwilling to sit

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quietly in the house that even these familiar words did not attract her, but with slow steps and a sullen face she obeyed her mother's wishes.

She knew quite well how slight a thing she had been asked to do, and although at another time she would not have objected, just now, when she wanted to do something else, it seemed very hard to give up her own will. Her conscience was so disagreeable too, for it would keep saying all the time, "I am ashamed of you, Jennie Browning! Can't you do this for your kind mamma even if you do want to do something else?"

Thoughts like these were filling Jennie's mind as she stood looking out of the nursery-window; but all at once she was aroused by the strong smell of burning woollen. Turning quickly she grew almost stiff with fear as she saw just in front of her a small flame burst out from the rug before the fire, and not far from the crib where Willie lay sleeping. In an instant, however, the thought of

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"What shall I do?" was followed by the remembrance of what her mamma had often said, "If in any way your dress should ever take fire, remember to smother it at once; never run away, but throw yourself down, or wrap yourself in anything to be found." Acting upon this principle, she hastily caught up the other end of the rug which was large and heavy and threw it over the flame. This quite extinguished it, for it had only just started into life when Jennie saw it, but in her zeal she tore off the bed-spread and blankets, crowning all with two large pillows upon which she seated herself, having become by this time so confused that she hardly knew whether it was the rug or her own dress which had taken fire.

Now she wanted to see somebody, and, not daring to move, she began to scream. This wakened Willie, who added his voice, and soon brought the bewildered nurse to the rescue. Before she half understood the situation the carriage returned, and in a

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moment more, Jennie was kissed and praised and petted more than she had ever been in all her happy life, by four loving and grateful human beings, for they saw quickly what had happened, and trembled to think of what might have been.

That night as Mrs. Graham gave Jennie her good-night kiss, she said, "May God bless you, my thoughtful little niece, for you have saved your cousin's life to-day!"

"Why, did I really?" thought Jennie; "how glad, how glad I am; for if I had n't been there, the fire would have caught the crib, and oh, that would have been awful!" Then as she recollected how her conscience had fairly pushed her into the room, her little face grew red with shame, and she softly said, "I will never fight with conscience again, for if I had had my own way I could never have saved dear Willie's life."

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# A RAINY DAY.

"RAIN, rain, go to Spain,
And never, never come back again.
Rain, rain—"

"Oh, do hush, Bell; I can't read a word," said Helen Harrison, looking up impatiently from her book.

"Well, I can't go out-doors, and I want the rain to go away; I am just tired to death with the drop, drop, drop. Sarah Simmons says,

"'Rain, rain, go away;
Come again some other day;'

but I don t like that; I wish it would never, never come again."

"Oh, sister Helen," said the little one a moment later," and the small head of golden curls turned eagerly towards the grown-up sister, "would n't this world be beautiful if we had sunshine all the time?"



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"Do you think so, my dear child?" said Helen, closing her book and gathering the household pet into her arms. "Suppose we talk seriously about the matter. How would the flowers grow in your own little garden if we had no rain?"

"We would have the dew every night, you know. I always get my feet real wet if I go on the grass before it dries."

"But the dew only lies on the flowers and their leaves, refreshing them after a hot day, just as you are refreshed by washing your face and hands after a dusty walk. It does not sink deep into the dry ground where the thirsty roots live; they could not have anything to drink if the rain did not come down so steadily from those dark clouds above us."

"That would be too bad," said Bell soberly. "I should not like the beautiful flowers to die of thirst."

"No, I am sure you would not; nor dogs, nor kittens, nor horses, nor people."

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"But they need n't; they have wells and springs; the water comes right out of the ground."

"First, though, it must go into the ground. These same little drops that are so tiresome to you creep away under the earth and run quickly into the quiet, dark corners of some thick wood, and when they find a shady place, there they rest, and by-and-by other little drops find the same path and follow it to the same pleasant resting-place, and so after a while there comes to be a cool and pleasant spring. Everybody knows how happy that makes a tired and dusty traveller."

"Yes, you and I found that out the day we went to look for the arbutus blossoms; O dear, I was so tired!" sighed Bell, her recollection of the long walk she had taken being almost vivid enough to bring back the weariness she had felt as well. Silent and thoughtful, she rested a few moments, and then said, although a little regretfully, "If we can't have wells and springs without it, I

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s'pose we must have rain; but what can I do all the day long?"

"Wait patiently and hope for the sunshine; it will surely come. You know the old story, dear, about the Flood?"

"Why, of course I do," said Bell, to whom all the stories of the Old Testament were familiar.

Fortunately Bell's parents believed that God made and governs this world, and that he had grand and glorious purposes to fulfil in the being and destiny of both mind and matter. They did not allow second causes, however mighty, to obscure their sight of the Great First Cause. Law could never take the place of the Lawgiver to them, and among doubts and mysteries they held but the more firmly to the unanswerable words of the apostle Paul, "For every house is builded by some man, but he that built all things is God." So believing, they fed the instinctive faith of childhood with Bible stories, that through later life, with its inevitable cares, might often

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come the comforting remembrance of God's love to his ancient people. Would that more parents, in these latter days, so believed and taught the old record.

"My little sister would be wise, then, if she used her memory to bring her hope this dreary day."

"Why, how do you mean, sister Helen?"

"What came after the Flood?"

"Oh, the rainbow—the bright, beautiful rainbow!"

"Yes," answered Helen; "and think for a moment that you are finding one rainy day tiresome and dreary, while then the rain fell day and night. In a little while you will see the sun shining as brightly as before; but then the water was poured out of the 'windows of heaven,' until nearly six weeks had gone by, and all the people who did not love their good God and would not obey him had perished. For a hundred and twenty years Noah had been telling them of God and warning them of the Flood, but they would not listen,

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and so they died. Then came the beautiful bow of promise that there should be no more flood. Now, does any rainy day that can come to us seem so dreary if we hope for the rainbow that may shine after it?"

"No, indeed," said little Bell, the discontent all gone out of her face.

"There is another story about the rainbow; it is such a beautiful thing that people who do not believe as we do must think something about it. They say, if any one can reach the place where the ends of the bow rest on the earth, they will find there a pot of gold! Which story do you like the best?" quietly said Helen.

With a puzzled look at her sister's face, as if she wondered why such a question had been asked, Bell answered with a tinge of scorn, "What use would a hundred pots of gold be if we should have another flood?"

And Helen answered, "What, indeed?"

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# MISS ANDERSON'S CLASS.

THERE they sat in the Sunday-school, five boys. They were not children nor men, but had just reached the age of great self-appreciation. All boys may know when that comes. It is when they do n't see why they should be obedient, or respectful, or neat, or mannerly, or, in fact, why they should do anything but just as they please.

Their elders and their betters know also when it comes, for it is always an anxious time to all who have any sense of the responsibility of guiding a growing soul in the right direction. Looking over life's sea, and noting the sad wrecks of crafts that seemed to be once fairly started, carrying full sail, happy are those guardians who can be sure 't was from no neglect of their duty that the vessel was launched without chart or compass.

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Some of these boys could, sadly enough, find no help at home, and so they were very near to the heart of their faithful teacher. She neglected no duty; indeed, she was almost morbidly conscientious; and in her fear of hindering their full growth, yet knowing that all the religious instruction which some of them ever heard fell from her lips, scarcely a Sabbath passed but she feared that some word had been left unspoken.

The lesson for this bright morning was about Temperance. The best manner in which to present so important a subject to the minds of boys for whom it was necessary, and yet who were full just now of false ideas of freedom, caused serious thought in their earnest teacher. In considering the matter, she was almost tempted to wish that some one else would take her place for the day who might make more impression upon them. This was but a passing thought, howev the duty lay before her, and, like a bra woman, she determined to do her best w

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it, not unmindful of those blessed words, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me."

At first, strong drink, its evils, and the best way by which to prevent its power, were discussed. Miss Anderson had great wisdom in her manner of teaching, as her popularity among the boys proved. To be sure, they sometimes chose to show this in an embarrassing way, for if by any chance she should be detained from the service, each boy always thought he could find something better to do than to sit still and hear some "stupid," as any stranger was recklessly dubbed. Having once or twice suffered from such an experience, their regular habit now was to stand in line just outside of the schoolroom door until Miss Anderson took her seat, when they would file into place like a company of grenadiers. This was an annoying habit, but their teacher wisely took no notice of it, knowing that time, bringing them better judgment, would cure it.



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The wisdom of her teaching, however, lay in the fact that she was more anxious to hear the boys' opinions than to overwhelm them with her own; and to influence the turbulent boy nature to form and express opinions upon religious matters at least once every week was no slight success. There was the usual variety of minds among them. There was the dull, quiet-looking boy, who never seemed to listen particularly, and for whose ideas one would ask without really expecting much response, only to be astonished at the quickness and cleverness of his replies. There was the boy who always thought just as the other boys did, and from whom the most skilful questioning could never entice an original remark. There were the medium, well-trained boys, who remembered what they had been taught, and repeated it; while there was also the independent, outspoken boy, who never thought as anybody else did, and did n't know that he ever wanted to.

"Now, Joe," said Miss Anderson, address-

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ing him, "tell us what you think on the Temperance question."

"Well, I just tell you one thing," said Joe; "I do n't believe in taking the pledge."

"Why not?" was the quiet answer, while the other boys looked somewhat startled by Joe's vigorous condemnation of blue ribbon societies.

"Because I do n't. I do n't believe in getting drunk, Miss Anderson," said Joe hurriedly, as he feared he might lose what he valued very much, her good opinion. "I think a man who drinks more than he ought to is just beastly—that 's what he is. But a man who goes and puts his name to a piece of paper, just as if he could n't take care of himself, and signs away his liberty, why, he 's a coward—that 's what he is; and I mean to be too brave for that."

Oh, how much of a man Joe felt himself to be then! And how admiringly the other boys looked at him! That must be the best way, after all, never to make any promises in

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life! Little did they know of the trials, temptations, and troubles surely coming to test all of them, and to combat which a man's unaided will would prove a slight defence. So Miss Anderson answered,

"Does it seem a brave thing to leave yourself to be influenced by any chance that may come, and so form habits of good or ill, just as it happens, rather than by your own free will to promise never through your life to indulge in certain things which have the power to do you great harm?"

Leaving this seed to bear fruit in its own time, Miss Anderson touched upon the topics of card-playing and smoking, thinking that a word concerning each might be of service, and saying that many boys fancied that they could never become men without taking up these habits.

"Why, Miss Anderson," said Joe, in his outspoken way, "I smoke."

Miss Anderson's heart commended the boy for his honesty, though she feared h

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words had come too late, but she simply said,

"Why do you do it?"

"Because I like to," was the answer.

"How often do you smoke?" was the next question.

"Well, I must smoke after breakfast—you know there's nothing else to do right away; and then, when I go hunting, I always smoke for company: and in the evening I don't feel satisfied unless I have a cigar before I go to bed."

As there were not many days when Joe did not contrive to have a stroll in the woods with his dog and his gun, his smoking for company could not be seldom; and Miss Anderson thought sadly this was not a very good showing for a boy of seventeen years, for whose highest good she was anxiously striving, but with her usual quiet manner she said,

"So, Joe, you have signed away your liberty to tobacco, have you? Was it not you who said, a short time ago, that you would not take the pledge, because it was not a

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brave thing for a man to sign away his liberty? At least three times a day, by your own confession, this filthy thing demands your attention, and you are forced to obey. Is that what you call being brave?"

The other boys were all full of glee at their teacher's wisdom and Joe's discomfiture, for they were quick-witted enough to see the difference between Joe's assertion and his actions; but before more could be said the signal for closing school was given, and the class dispersed.

Signing away one's liberty, however, seemed a different matter to Joe now, and the air of manly independence with which he had always taken his cigar was altogether wanting. In fact, it did not seem such a manly accomplishment to smoke as it had; indeed, the days when he decided not to take his cigar seemed to be more satisfying than when he did take it.

Miss Anderson, knowing nothing of the working of Joe's mind, feared that perhaps

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her turning of his own words against him might vex rather than convince him; so a few days after, on meeting him, she said,

"Joe, I am afraid you thought me rather hard upon you last Sunday; yet it was your own confession that condemned you, not I; though I was sorry enough to hear that you were in such bondage to tobacco."

"Oh, that 's all right, Miss Anderson," was the honest answer. "You did hit me pretty hard, but I deserved it, and I have made up my mind now that I wont touch a cigar again."

"Then, Joe, you are taking a long step toward forming a brave character, for self-control is one of the greatest powers in life."

Both Joe and Miss Anderson go their different ways, yet she will always be to him a great power for good, while she balances many a sorrow by the joy with which she notes the beautiful blossom that sprang from a seed of her careful planting.

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## HOW ANNIE WENT TO BED.

On the piazza of a pleasant country-house, one summer evening, sat Mrs. Raymond watching her two children, Annie and Arthur, as they enjoyed their usual frolic with Carlo on the lawn. She was a young mother, but one who had strong faith in that common-sense fact that refreshing sleep comes more willingly to all human beings after a cheerful, happy hour; and so the children's time for fun and frolic just before going to bed came as regularly as their daily meals.

Yet even wholesome pleasure must have an end; so with a word Mrs. Raymond called her children, and gayly they ran to her, with Carlo at their heels. Stopping only to kiss their father good-night, they chased eac other up stairs as happily as if cross worc and looks were utterly unknown to them.

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Mrs. Raymond followed slowly after, for she believed that in the quiet evening a child's heart opens naturally to its mother's care and guidance, and well she knew by happy experience that a sense of refreshment comes with mother's kiss at night-time which can never be forgotten through life. The darkness always seemed brighter if mother's hand put out the light and gave a loving touch to the pillow as she left the room. So, always mindful as she was of the little things that win hearts, whether old or young, Mrs. Raymond gave much of her personal attention to her children, and rarely missed seeing them safely in bed. As she entered the room, Arthur sprang forward, exclaiming,

"Mamma, mamma, may I be undressed first?"

"Yes, if you would like to," answered Mrs. Raymond.

"O dear, that 's just what I was going to ask you my own self," said Annie.

"Well, I got ahead of you," triumphantly



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said Arthur; "and I 'll get into bed first, and begin to dream long before you do."

"You 're just a real mean, ugly boy," said Annie, giving Arthur a push as he stood beside her; and then, bursting into tears, she added, "I hope you wont sleep a wink all night."

"Annie," said her mother gravely, "you are not behaving well, and I would like you to step inside of that closet. You know that Arthur asked me first, and it is only fair that he should be gratified. When you are willing to be quiet and good, you may come out and go to bed."

Annie obeyed, and went into the closet; but she carried her bad temper with her, for soon she began to talk and say, "I do n't love you. I a' n't your girl. I wont be sorry when you 're sick. I wont 'scuse you when you rock on my foot. I do n't love anybody."

Poor little girl! Of course she did not love anybody. She had been selfish and ill-

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tempered, and kind or pleasant thoughts never follow in the train of such wicked feelings. She was not very lovable then herself, and if her mother had not been a patient woman, who had often talked to her about the need of controlling her quick temper and hasty tongue, Annie might not have been so good a little girl as, after all, she may prove to be.

As it was, however, Annie soon began to see that she was wrong; but, somehow, she found it pleasanter to think of Arthur's aggravating words, as if these would excuse her own behavior, and whenever she thought of telling her mother, who was sitting in the room, waiting until her better thoughts should gain control of her little girl, something would come right up in her throat and choke her.

Before very long Mrs. Raymond was made happy by hearing a trembling voice say, "Mamma, I will be good now; may I come out?"

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"Yes," was the answer; "come and prepare for bed."

Annie's tear-stained face was very grave as she began to undress, and Mrs. Raymond wisely refrained from disturbing her thoughts by any words. She knew that Annie could judge very well of what she had done, and so left her conscience to speak for itself, only helping her to undress with her usual kindness.

Soon everything was in order. Annie's clothing was laid carefully upon a chair, each garment in its place, ready to be put on the next day; her two little shoes standing side by side, not tossed about the room or under the bed, as children sometimes leave them. Then Annie knelt by her mother and said her prayer, but waiting a moment before she said "Amen," she added softly, "And will God please forgive me for being a naughty girl?" Without another word, she held up her face for her mother's kiss, and crept quietly into bed.

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Mrs. Raymond was somewhat surprised that Annie had said nothing to her, and so busied herself about the room for a little time, wondering if the child would fall asleep directly; but she was startled to hear something that sounded like sobs. Turning at once to the bed, she was surprised to find Annie with tears running down her cheeks and her little frame shaking with sobs.

"My dear child, what is the matter?" said Mrs. Raymond, almost frightened, as she saw how sadly Annie was grieving.

"O mamma, dear mamma," cried Annie, raising herself in the bed and throwing her arms about her mother's neck, "really and truly I do love you, and I am your little girl, and I will be sorry when you're sick, and I will 'scuse you when you rock on my foot, and I do love everybody—and wont you please forgive me?"

Mrs. Raymond's tears joined with Annie's as she listened to these penitent words, and very gladly did she say how much more she

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loved her little girl now that she had done what she knew was right; while as for Annie herself, now that she had taken back the ugly words she had said, and promised to tell Arthur so in the morning, with both her little hands clinging close to mamma, she quickly and peacefully fell asleep.

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# TWO VISITS TO A SCHOOLROOM.

On a village street not many miles away from New York stands a tall, bare, unattractive-looking building, which may be easily recognized as the schoolhouse. Around it lies the hard, dusty yard, which school committees seem to consider a necessary accompaniment of education, though perhaps their weather-beaten judgments think it wise so to prepare fresh young minds and hearts for the dusty highway of life. However that may be, there stands the barren building, unsheltered by trees, and the yard unadorned by a blade of grass. Fortunate is it that children will be happy in spite of their surroundings, and unfortunate enough that their elders pay so little heed to the powerful though silent aids to the best education that such surroundings might be made.

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Yet all about stand charming homes, for the whole village is an attractive one, lying as it does on the slope of a highland which its lovers call the mountain. Not an undeserved title does this seem when one finds how much muscle and wind are needed to reach the summit, and the glorious panorama at its base delights the eye. In quiet beauty lies the broad expanse, dotted with meadow and woodland, city and village, and skirted by the grand old Hudson, calmly flowing on for ever towards the sea. Often when "the day is done," and the setting sun sends gleam and glitter over this distant and dusty mart of ours, bathing it in glory as in royal robes, making it, though but for a moment, like unto a golden city, truly our feet seem to rest, with good John Bunyan's pilgrim, upon none other than a Delectable Mountain.

Yet within the schoolhouse doors more may be learned than "reading, 'riting, an 'rithmetic." The wisest teachers have hear *for* and *in* their work, and remember th

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human and moral as well as the intellectual nature of their pupils. There were some such brave souls here, and the delight with which the scholars crowded about them after school hours proved the power of their influence, and left many a pleasant and helpful memory for coming years.

Miss Jamison was one of this sort, and as she wisely sometimes lightened the weariness of constant study by a few words of encouragement or warning, or even by a round of hearty laughter, the progress of her scholars was remarkable. Of course, narrower minds thought her method sadly lacking in restraint and discipline, but her pupils loved her; she seldom had occasion to reprove them more than once concerning any matter, and the reputation of her room was unexcelled.

One day, however, came a new experience, and as Tom Chester, one of the boys, was walking thoughtfully home, he heard close by his ear,

"Hullo, Tom; can't you see a fellow?"



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Looking up, Tom saw his cousin, John Garrison, who had come to meet him. "Well, yes, when I look at him," was the good-humored answer; but taking John's arm and drawing closer to him, Tom said confidentially, "You see, just then I was meditating."

"You don't say so," said John, impressed by Tom's serious manner; "what about?"

"Miss Jamison has just been talking to us, and I was kind o' thinking it over to see if she was right, 'cause nobody meant to do any harm; but it's no use, she's all right every time, and I feel real mean."

"But what's the row, any how?"

"Sure enough, you don't know. Well, I'll tell you," answered Tom. "We were all studying our spelling-lesson, and the room was so still you could have heard a pin drop, when somehow I looked around, and what do you think I saw?"

"I don't know," said John.

"Well, right there in the door stood

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lady, and how under the sun she got there beats me."

"There are stairs, a' n't there?"

"I should think so, goose; but they are bare boards, and you can't go up and down without making an awful racket."

"Goose yourself; do you think ladies play tag, and stamp up and down stairs like boys? Of course, she could walk softly; I do n't see anything in that."

"Well, there she was, any how, dressed all in black, and standing perfectly still, only smiling just as if she liked to see us; so I kind o' smiled back, you know, and nudged the boy next to me. He, big stupid, had to drop his spelling-book and say awful loud, 'Why, she 's got a man's hat on!' Then all the scholars about us heard that, and they looked and laughed. Maybe it was n't a regular man's hat, but it was a big black felt hat, and they all thought it was. The lady walked up to Miss Jamison, who seemed real glad to see her, and made her sit in her chair. By

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that time all the school had seen her, and there was a good deal of disorder. Miss Jamison spoke to us two or three times, but somehow we 'd got a going and we could n't stop; so there was n't much studying done. After looking all round the room and talking some to the teacher, the lady smiled and said, sort of half-aloud, 'I 'm afraid I 'll be marked if I stay any longer;' so she went away."

"Why, I do n't think that 's so awful bad," said John.

"Neither did I till after school; then we got our penny lecture—that 's the name Miss Jamison has for the talks she gives us; maybe it 's because they are so short—but, I tell you, her words cut right into a feller if he has done wrong, and he can't forget them. They just stick to him until he behaves himself.

"First she asked all those who though they had been perfectly obedient to hold u their hands. Of course, nobody could, fr

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though Miss Jamison had only said 'too much noise,' she expects us to mind one word as much as twenty, and we do generally, but the mischief was in us to-day. Then she said we had been very rude, we had laughed in a lady's face, and she was a stranger, which made it worse. We had laughed at her hat, and she had just as much right to wear a large hat as we had to wear smaller ones. What if it did seem funny to us; perhaps if we had travelled about the world more, we might see many things that we were unaccustomed to, and so we showed our own ignorance by laughing. Then we had mortified her too, because when she spoke to us we did not try to be quiet, but had showed her friend both bad manners and disobedience. After she had finished, every scholar there would like to have gone straight through the floor. After waiting a few moments she said, 'All who would like to have that lady come again hold up their hands.'"

"What did they do then?" said John.

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"Do? Why, a kite in a tornado a'n't nothing to the way the hands went up and tossed round. The room seemed full of nothing but hands—'most everybody held up both. 'Shall we have obedience and politeness if she does?' said Miss Jamison. 'Yes, ma'am,' we all shouted; and if that lady will only come again, she'll know what order is then, if she never knew before. Some of us a'n't going to wink even."

The next day lessons were learned and recited in good order, and if a visitor was expected nothing was said. About the same hour, however, Tom could not resist turning his head, and there, in the same place, stood the same lady. For a minute he had quite a hard struggle with himself, for, although she wore another hat, she stood there smiling just the same, and he did want to smile back, but he bent his head down closely over his spelling-book, and tried to think of nothing but his lesson. In a few moments all desire to laugh had gone, and he felt stronger and

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better, as one always does after conquering any wrong inclination. All the other scholars were quiet, and the school routine went on like clock-work. Lessons in spelling, arithmetic, and physiology, were quickly and perfectly recited, and as quietly as if there had been no stranger in the room, although she was seated at the teacher's desk, where all could see her. When the lessons were ended, the teacher asked their visitor to say a few words to the scholars. So she said she was very glad to tell them how much better she liked them on that day than she did the day before, because they were so much more polite and quiet. It was pleasant to know that her friend had a room full of such little ladies and gentlemen. Then she asked them if they would try to remember how one wrong action leads to another, as they had just found out. Yesterday they had been impolite, and then they had disobeyed; to-day they had conquered the temptation, and she would like to know how many were going

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home with happier hearts than they carried yesterday.

Again the air was thick with hands, and every face was a bright one. Then the bell for closing the school was heard, and the visitor went away, remembering very pleasantly her two visits to a schoolroom.

1st M. E. Sunday School

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# HOW THEODORE HELPED.

THEODORE DENNY had lived with kind parents for ten short years in a happy home. But one day there came a change in the pleasant home on the hill. Theodore's father, who had been ill for some time, grew worse. He was not strong enough to drive out, even on the warm days, any more; soon the children were not called to his bedside for their morning kiss, and then very soon they were told that their dear father had gone to heaven. The younger children only knew that the house was strangely quiet, and their father's face was so cold and stiff, it would not smile even one little bit, and then, ever so many people came to the house, and a man read out of a book, and then that great long box was carried away. It all seemed very mysterious. Theodore could only com-



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prehend two things: one was that he did not see his father any more, and the other that his mother looked like another person. She was pale and thin and sad, and wore such dreadful black clothes. It must be because his father was staying away so long, for when he asked her if his father would be gone a good while, she said, "Yes." Then he looked so frightened, and asked her if she never expected to see him again. She said, "Oh, yes, yes, my child, I shall go to him." "And are you going away too," cried Theodore, "to leave us all alone?" Then his mother kissed him, and said, "Not until God sends for me; but my little boy must try to be a comfort to me, and grow fast and strong and good, so that when he is a man he can take all the care of me that his father would have done."

Theodore promised to do his best, and thereupon set his youthful mind to thinking out some plan by which he might be useful to his mother, even now.

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There were some other changes in the family now, and even Theodore's young eyes saw that his mother did not have quite so much money to spend as she used to have. She had sold all the horses and carriages but one, and one day, gathering all her children about her, she said they must try to be careful in wearing their hats and shoes and clothes, for it would not be so easy to buy them new ones as it had been once; but that if they all were careful, she still had enough money to feed and clothe and educate her children, and to live in the same pleasant home their dear father had made for them.

All these words sank deep into Theodore's heart, and he thought if he was the only man in the house, he ought to take some care of it; but what should he do? At first he could think of nothing at all; he could not go to town and make money, for nobody would want to employ such a little fellow as he was; there really did not seem to be any way in which he could help his mother except by

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being a good boy and obeying her always. So he did his best in this way, and succeeded in pleasing his mother greatly, but not in satisfying himself. At last one day in despair he said,

"Mamma, I want to earn some money."

"Why, Theodore, I can give you some if you are very anxious to buy something; what is it?"

"I would rather not tell you, mamma, but I want to earn some, to do work for it, you know; but nobody wants such a little boy to work for him as I am."

"Yes, my child," said his mother, "I want just such a little boy to work for me, and I will pay you for it;" for Mrs. Denny thought this desire to earn, rather than receive without effort, one to be encouraged, and immediately formed a plan in her own mind to make him useful. "You know that since the under-gardener went away James cannot keep the grounds looking quite so nicely as they used to, for he has so much to do; and I can-

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not afford to hire another man. Yesterday I noticed that ugly plantain weeds were growing about some of the paths and through the lawn, and if you will dig them up by the roots, I will pay you ten cents for every hundred you throw away."

"Oh, how splendid, mamma," said Theodore. "I 'll begin right away."

So he did, and worked bravely, though it was tough pulling for his small fingers. James gave him an old trowel, and every morning before breakfast Theodore might be seen out of doors working with all his might, though his patience was often sorely tried. The end came one day, and all his weariness was forgotten, when his mother counted out five bright silver pieces into his hand.

"Now, mamma, I 'll just tell you what I want to do with this money," said Theodore, with a quaintly serious air. "You know you said you wanted me to help take care of you in papa's place, and I 've been thinking there was n't any need of my waiting to be a man

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if I could only get some money, and now that I've worked for it, I want to pay you something every week for my board."

Mrs. Denny's heart was touched as she heard these words, but she only said, "Thank you, my dear child, it helps me very much to find you so thoughtful; how much do you think you can pay?"

"Well, I thought about two cents a week would make the money last longer, and then I could be earning some more," answered Theodore with a grave, business-like air.

Mrs. Denny agreed to make the bargain, and every Saturday night Theodore brought her the two cents, and she gave him a receipt in full for one week's board. Of course he did not know that the pennies were safely hidden away in his mother's drawer in a bright, new purse, which he would find with his presents on the Christmas-tree. By that time Mrs. Denny felt that Theodore had done much towards forming a habit of self-denial that would all his life prove of far greater

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value to him than the few cents he was now so carefully dividing. It was a thankful mother who noticed how, week after week, nothing could induce her boy to touch his board money; while she could not help hoping that he would grow to be a thoughtful, kind-hearted man, who might do great good in the world. So Theodore helped; and was it not in a good way?

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